The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Two Sonnets.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

TO MY MOTHER.

I.

It is my wont to carry my head high,
And somewhat proud and stubborn are my ways;
Ev'n if the king should look me in the face,
I would return his look with steady eye.
Yet, mother dear, whenever thou art nigh,
In presence of thy sweet and blessed grace,
My haughty temper from its loftiest place
Descends into a meek humility.
Is it that thy brave spirit conquers mine—
Thy keen, clear spirit that doth flash and shine,
And soareth high into the light divine?
Ah! to mine eyes the tears of sorrow start,
When I remember with how many a dart
I must have pierced thy loving, faithful heart.

II.

Once I forsook thee on a wild, mad quest;
It was my wish to roam the wide world through,
To see if I could find Love deep and true,
And, finding Love, to clasp her to my breast.
In every street I sought for Love's sweet rest:
At every door, with hands outstretched anew,
I begged some crumbs of love, however few,
But only met with hatred, scorn and jest.
Thus seeking Love, I wandered on strange ground,—
Still seeking Love—but Love I never found;
Then home I turned, with hopes all dead and past:
Thou cam'st to meet me; and, with glad surprise,
Lo! there I saw—all swimming in thine eyes—
The sweet and long-sought Love, now found at last!

Temperance.

1 COR. ix., 27.—"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."

There is no literature in the world in which the varieties of human character are more strikingly displayed than in the Old Testament. Look at Jacob and Esau, how the contrast between them is presented to us! They live on the Bible page types of two opposite temperaments. There is Jacob, the far-seeing schemer, who always looks ahead, who always acts with an eye to the future, who has his impulses entirely under control, and who can labour on and on, and wait with patience for the fruition of his toils. With this character of self-control, and of sacrifice of the present for the future, was unfortunately combined in Jacob much deceit and unprincipled self-aggrandisement. But these are the blemishes on a character which had, apart from them, the pre-eminent merit of perseverance and self-command in devotion to each chosen end. Jacob was no child of passion, borne to and fro by every wind of momentary desire; he held himself in subjection, that he might compass the fulfilment of his aims. He was the very embodiment of self-love of the prudent kind, that really consults the lasting interests of self, and that so leads to success in the world, rung after rung in the ladder of promotion being reached, and aim after aim being accomplished. The evil side of Jacob's character is illustrated when, in his brother Esau's fainting condition, he

gives him the mess of pottage only in exchange for his birthright. He cannot even forget his own ends when he is asked to help his brother in his need. But it is still more painfully illustrated when, to obtain the blessing of his blind old father, Isaac, he becomes a villainous deceiver, cruelly and basely counterfeiting and forestalling Esau, and robbing him of his due. On the other hand, the good side of Jacob's character is pourtrayed in his twice seven years of devoted service of Laban, to win his daughter Rachel for his wife. Here the faithful, indomitable perseverance and strength of the man comes out, each seven years being but as a day to him in his ardent devotion to his purpose. Present ease, present satisfaction were nothing to him, if in the end he could fulfil his heart's desires. And so, too, when he had won his wife by fourteen years of unremitting labour, by another seven years of persistent toil he enriched himself in flocks and herds, and from being a penniless stranger in a strange land, was enabled to return to his home in Canaan a man of mighty possessions, the great founder of the people Israel. It is always possible to pick out certain features of a character from the rest ; and so, with regard to Jacob, we can admire his far-sighted perseverance and self-command in pursuit of his chosen ends, while we utterly condemn his duplicity and his callous selfishness on many occasions. But, as Dr. Butler teaches us, wise self-love, such as Jacob showed in his long years of service for Rachel, brings out many noble traits of human character, especially that of self-control. "He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city." He who places before himself—not the passing satisfaction of each momentary passion and appetite—but the lasting good of his life, has a view to a high place in the scale of humanity. He thinks out his path beforehand ; he is no slave of one uncontrolled impulse after another ; he is not just at the mercy of whatever tendency may be strongest in him for the moment ; but he lives a patient, well-ordered life, in which mind and purpose —if not always conscience—are supreme. Now compare with this such a spirit as Esau's. He was just the opposite of Jacob, unstable as water, the present hour everything to him. He was ready to sacrifice his whole future to the appetite of the hour. So it was that the mess of pottage, that he needed at the time, was more to him than his very birthright, which carried with it the promise of all his future years. In other ways Esau was a better man than Jacob ; he was true and generous, where Jacob was false and selfish. But Esau was weak where Jacob was strong, viz., in the sacrifice of the present to the future, in the looking onward to the lasting consequences of each passing action, and of each present indulgence. With all our sympathy for the poor, ill-used Esau, especially in his heartrending cry at being robbed of the blessing of his blind old father, we cannot but place Jacob on a higher plane of humanity than he, in respect to living for the future, and in respect to self-control for a prudent purpose, rather than the slave of each strongest impulse. The former leads to a wise and well-ordered life ; the latter to all kinds of evil consequences, blindly and recklessly incurred. I do not call this selfishness, so much as mere headlong passion and uncontrolled appetite. The man guilty of it has no regard for self. He has no regard for anybody or anything. He lets come what will, so long as his blind desires reap their satisfaction. He lowers himself to the level of the brutes, and I think beneath it ; because the brutes seem to be guided by an instinct of self-preservation, but the unreasoning man, helplessly borne along upon the current of each uppermost inclination, drifts into one moral and physical quagmire after another, and tumbles probably into some pit of destruction at last. No, he is not selfish in any true sense ; he forgets himself and everything and everybody that he ought to remember ; and, in his insensate passion, he is—times without number—his own worst enemy. I have often and often preached against selfishness, and shall often and often, if God spares me, preach against it again ; but that is such selfishness as Jacob showed in robbing Esau of his birthright and his blessing, selfishness at the expense of another ; but I have never preached, and shall never preach against a wise care for life and health and character as against the headlong yielding

to brute appetite and passion, to the destruction of all that makes life worth living.

Intemperance is a word truly descriptive of the character of which I am speaking in all its phases. Speech or actions untempered or uncontrolled by wise thought and conscientious will, all partake of the nature of intemperance. I do not know anything much worse, or more harmful, than intemperate, angry speech, words turned out in thoughtless passion, with no care whom they may hurt. In the end they generally hurt most him who speaks them, and he lives to lament their injustice and incoherent folly in sackcloth and ashes. They recoil upon his own head. But as a stone cast into a pool sends its circular eddies all round to every bank, so passionate speech disturbs and irritates and makes miserable everyone within its reach. There is no wiser saying than "Think before you speak," especially when you are in a rage. How many people would afterwards give the world to have some passionate word unsaid! Passionate words, uncontrolled by any wise and thoughtful will, often lead to passionate blows; the control lost in speaking is not easily regained when the blood is aroused by the angry word, and so the fierce, uncontrollable anger takes the form of intemperate violence, perhaps causing the horror of a stroke that deals out death. That is the story, again and again repeated, of the awful consequences of ungoverned anger, intemperate in word and deed.

And alas! how vast are the evils done upon the face of this earth by the uncontrolled passion of man for woman, how utterly regardless it is of its inevitable evil fruits, what tragedies, and miseries, and shames it has wrought for mankind, breaking every law, human and divine, and in millions of cases destroying its victims body and soul! The true love between man and woman that God has made the fairest and sweetest of human joys, and the most sacred thing on earth when debased into mere unlicensed passion, untempered by any law of the righteous will or by any thought of the moral destruction that follows, becomes the most disastrous of all forms of intemperance.

Or again, nowadays, there is another maddening folly that seizes hold with giant power of its millions in land after land, the fatal spirit of gambling, the idlest, the most unprincipled, the most selfish and yet self-destructive of habits. It paralyses the reason, it annihilates all prudence, it wickedly makes men long for ruin of others that they may gain, it kills the moral sense, it is the nursing mother of idleness, it brings in its train penury; and drives its thousands to theft and embezzlement to meet payments that they cannot otherwise make. Of all phases of the ungoverned life none is more ruinous than this.

Then, again, there is an intemperance which is not often mentioned, but which—I am convinced—is very serious in its results, intemperance in eating. This is a fault of the well-to-do classes, and they suffer from it. Dyspepsia is one of the plagues of the day in such circles, and so is gout. These are due to nothing else than over-eating, or eating unwholesome, rich, and indigestible food. They are due to indulging in what are called the pleasures of the table, without thought of the consequences, or often in spite of the knowledge that, for the lowest of all satisfactions, the health is being destroyed. No intemperance can be more foolish and short-sighted, and less worthy of a reasonable human being than this.

But, lastly, there is the intemperance in drink, about which so much has been said by some, that it seems almost to be regarded by them as the only intemperance to be fought against. The scourge indeed is terrible, beyond expression, far the worst to the intemperate drinkers themselves, making their whole lives fall a prey to that one ungovernable appetite, muddling their brains, weakening their wills, undermining their constitutions, destroying the happiness of their homes, sinking them in the slough of poverty, and finally killing them by inches; but if worst for these self-destroyers, it is awful too for all connected with them. For the households rendered poor, and brought to starvation point and utter misery by the reckless folly of the breadwinner, and by the cruelty he often visits on wife and children, the calamity is

overwhelming. For homes higher in the social scale the blight of disgrace and wretchedness falls upon the inmates when intemperance in drink invades its precincts; and for this whole nation it is the source of more impoverishment and woe than proceed from any other cause. God help us to root it out of this land. But it can only be done by every one amongst this English people, from the least to the greatest, learning that faculty of self-control which is temperance in every relation, which is the government of this life not by the sway of any form of unruly passion, but by a will in which reason and conscience are supreme, and which looks even beyond present gratifications to future good.

Home, Sweet Home.

The most popular song in the English language declares the Englishman's affection for his home. We are supposed to be a home-loving people, and, indeed, the strength of England lies in the multitude of its sweet, healthy, and happy homes. Historically we Anglo-Saxons have a special interest in the ideas which cluster around home. In the picture drawn by the Roman historian, Tacitus, of the German freeman, the head of a household, dwelling on his own clearing, with a pure and worthy wife, we delight to see our own ancestry. The large capacity for home-life has been a considerable influence in making England what it is. And yet the homes of millions in our midst are simply a bitter satire on the home idea. The tumble-down rookeries of our towns, the mud-hovels of our villages; the crowding, the filth, the discomfort in which hundreds of thousands of families live, is the most crying evil of our time. No political problem is of such importance as this social problem, the housing of the poor. To many the home idea is utterly foreign; the home as they know it has no attractions; it is the last place in the world they would turn to for recreation; it is a stye to eat in, and a kennel to sleep in, and there is an end of it. And, at present, things grow worse rather than better. Cottages are pulled down to escape rates, and every cottage pulled down means a little more crowding and squeezing somewhere else. The poor quarters, the manufacturing quarters of our towns, are more and more deserted by the well-to-do, and the result is that the neighbourhood sinks lower and lower. It is said one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. It is a liberal estimate. How many neither know nor care? At the end of the sixth century a man died, starved to death, in the streets of Rome, and Gregory the Great, the Roman Bishop, imposed on himself the heaviest penances, and interdicted himself from the discharge of the sacred offices, because it had been possible that such a thing should happen in the vast city in which he was Father, Pope. Who feels any personal compunction or responsibility when a child starves to death in one of our large towns? Who feels any remorse at the condition of the six thousand courts in Birmingham? At one time the rich and poor lived together in the same quarters, the court backing upon the merchant's garden, and it was impossible for the wealthy not to know how the toilers lived. But our modern age has changed all that. We have our rich quarters and our poor quarters, with, alas! few ministering footsteps passing between. In London there are miles and miles of splendid palaces without the disfigurement of one poor man's dwelling, and then there are wide tracts of penury, vice, and wretchedness, without the ornament of one rich man's home. The rich draw together and the poor are driven together, and between them a great gulf is fixed. Too many of the rich do not nowadays so much as see the poor, so far are they apart; and, according to the homely proverb, "What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over." In all our large towns there is a constant set of the prosperous to out-of-town suburbs. They cannot be blamed for the desire to surrounp themselves with trees and flowers, and to plant their children in healthy conditions; where they are to blame is in not thinking of and caring for their less fortunate neighbours. This physical separation of classes which is going on tends to their separation in other respects—in sympathy, in politics, in religion. We have fashionable churches and chapels,

without a poor person in them, and places of worship in poor neighbourhoods where nobody can give more than a sixpence at a collection. All this may be inevitable, but it is much to be regretted.

Meanwhile the question arises for practical reformers: what can be done to improve the homes of the poor? The answer to that, in the first instance, is—to force it upon public attention; to make men acquainted with the facts; to compel men to see with their own eyes how the poor live.

There is the appalling fact that in Glasgow, that great centre of wealth, enterprise, and industry, over 40,000 families are living, each in a single room. A writer in the *National Review*, a Conservative organ, calculates that there are at least one million of so-called homes in England totally unfit for human habitation. The picture given by Miss Octavia Hill of nine sordid houses in Marylebone, suggestively called "Paradise (?) Row," can be matched in any great town in the kingdom:—"The houses were in a most deplorable condition. The plaster was dropping from the walls. On one staircase a pail was set to catch the rain which fell from through the roof. The bannisters were gone, having been burnt for firewood by the tenants. The grates were falling forward into the rooms. One dirty water-butt received the water laid on for all the houses, and, as it leaked, those who did not fill their jugs as the water came in could have none afterwards. Facing the cottages was a bit of desolate ground, occupied by dilapidated cowsheds, manure heaps, and rubbish of every description." Things are not a bit better in the country. Here is a picture drawn by Dr. Jessop, a well-known clergyman in Norfolk, and published in the *Nineteenth Century*:—"Look at the places where the poor are born, and take their meals in, and sleep in. Homes? Faugh! Houses? Why, you may see whole rows of hovels, in no one of which would any farmer put his nag for a single night without indignant protest—rows of hovels where there are only two rooms, one above and one below. I could point to three of those disgraceful tenements, immediately contiguous to another, in each of which, by a strange coincidence, there were lately a father, mother, and seven children all sleeping in a single room. In one case the mother produced an eighth child in the night, her only helper being her daughter, a girl of fourteen, who did her best while her father ran to fetch a midwife."

No legislation and no private efforts have as yet done more than touch the fringe of this great problem. Mr. Torren's Act and Sir R. Cross's Act are practically dead letters. Mr. Peabody's munificent gifts, and nearly all the model lodging-houses erected of recent years by philanthropists are allotted and even restricted to the use of a class above that which most needs assistance, and whose miserable dwellings, as they exist, are the crime, the vice, and the fever-breeding dens of our towns. In the country even less has been attempted. Here and there a great landed proprietor, alive to the fact that property has duties as well as privileges, puts up a model village; but for the most part ploughmen and cowkeepers are worse housed than the cattle they tend. Legislators are afraid to grapple with the difficulty in any effective way, because that means grappling with the land question. It is seen that no satisfactory progress can be made by Parliament towards rehousing the poor until the landlords' rights are much more severely limited than at present. Land nationalisation may be a Utopian dream, peasant proprietorship may be inadvisable; but dwellings where comfort and cleanliness, decency and self-respect, might at least be possible, are within the region of the attainable. One thing is certain—that if things are allowed to go on as they are, the Proletariat will one day make short work of landlords' rights. The *Spectator* appears to think that, after all, things are not so bad, and need give us no great concern, because from the beginning of time two out of three of the families of the race have lived in a tent or a hut. We fail to see why the iniquities of the past should make us comfortably acquiesce in the iniquities of the present. Yet even the *Spectator* calls for State interference, only landlords' claims must be acknowledged to the very last farthing. Yes, their *legitimate* claims; but the very thing which has rendered

all past legislation a farce is the exorbitant demand of landlords for land needed for public uses. It is a moot point how much of the saleable land belongs to the landlord and how much to the public. It may be that Mr. John Stuart Mills' doctrine, "The increment for the public," presents too many difficulties for practical working; but the question he raised will have to be met before the poor can be properly housed. Is it impossible to carry out public improvements except by fleecing the public? The *Spectator* appeared to think not; we have more faith in the growing enlightenment of the people.

JOSEPH WOOD.

Russell Lant Carpenter.*

This volume of Sermons and Addresses "is offered to the friends of the late Rev. R. L. Carpenter in remembrance of a beautiful and self denying life." The sentence quoted from the Preface will indicate its object. To those who knew Mr. Carpenter the offering will be welcome. And those who did not know him will be glad to learn something about him. The brief Memoir by Miss F. E. Cooke gives us rather the impressions of an old friend, than the materials by which to form a picture of the man. But we learn that Mr. Carpenter was a Unitarian of the old school, rigidly conscientious in his adherence to his ideals, ever earnest in his labours for the good of his fellow-men, and unflinching in his advocacy of reforms that he deemed necessary. The range of his sympathies is shown in the list of reforms for which he wrote and worked:—"Peace and Arbitration; the Substitution of Affirmations for Oaths in Courts of Law; the Licensing Clauses in the Local Government Bill; Vivisection; Funeral Reform; Prevention of Cruelty to Children; Female Suffrage; Women as Poor Law Guardians; Seamen and Cattle Ships; Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; questions of Social Reform in India," &c. Evidently he was a man full of "saving common sense," and also of that kindly nature to which nothing human is alien. So much we gather from this volume, but we imagine that the book will be more valuable to those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Carpenter personally than it can be to strangers.

Russell Lant Carpenter was born at Exeter in 1816. His father was a minister in that city in 1816, but he removed to Bristol shortly after his son's birth. From early years Russell C. seems to have been "devoted" to the ministry, and in 1833—after two years preparatory training at Bristol College—he entered Manchester College as a theological student. Here, we are told, he soon became conspicuous for ability and conscientiousness. But we must say that the story of his college life, so briefly told, does not leave a happy impression on our minds. Students must have been very different in those days from what they are now, if they would have called the main actor in the following scene "dignified." One winter's day some of the students were snowballing for recreation and amusement in the College court. R. L. Carpenter passed through. "A sportive new comer, unused to the ways of the place, sent a flying shot after the slowly departing figure. Without changing his pace, young Carpenter looked round and quietly said, 'You should play with those who are playing with you.' Without doubt, after this dignified rebuke, the snowballers found some other aim in future."

And without doubt they set Carpenter down as a prig. At any rate, if they did not, it was because of the strong sense of humour which he possessed. We wish some instance or instances of his humour had been given instead of the above wretched story.

After leaving College, Mr. Carpenter had no settled pastoral charge for two years or more. During this time he was doing good as he had opportunity, giving ready help wherever it was needed. But at last he accepted an invitation to become the minister at Bridgewater, where he remained for seven years. The cause of his leaving Bridgewater was his extreme conscientiousness. He discovered that part of the endowment on the chapel came from the rents of public-houses. As he held strong views respecting Temperance Reform, he offered to resign part of his salary rather than accept money which he regarded as unclean. The trustees refused to accept his proposal, and Mr.

* Personal and Social Christianity, by Russell Lant Carpenter, with a Memoir by Frances E. Cooke.—Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co. 6s.

Carpenter's only way out of the difficulty was to leave. His action seems to have let a little light into the minds of the trustees, for the houses were never again let to publicans. It would, no doubt, have been easy to arrange a compromise. But a compromise would not have satisfied Mr. Carpenter; it would have left the trustees irritated, and ready for every small excuse to make things unpleasant, and it would not have stopped the supply of unclean beer money. Mr. Carpenter's unflinching testimony for what he believed to be right was an act of self-sacrifice, which accomplished that which no compromise could have effected.

A tour in America followed the Bridgewater pastorate before Mr. Carpenter settled down at Neath, near Swansea, in 1850. It would, perhaps, be better to say that he accepted the temporary charge of the congregation at Neath, for in 1851, he received an invitation to the newly-formed congregation at Birkenhead. He married, in 1853, a lady from his former congregation at Bridgewater. In 1856 he removed to Halifax, where he found many friends, and plenty of scope for his energies. In 1865 he accepted the invitation of the congregation at Bridport, where he remained minister until 1887, and where he died early in the year 1892.

The sermons are of average quality, full of a quiet but abounding faith which makes itself felt even in reading. Such phrases as "Christ's holy Gospel," "our Saviour," and the whole attitude of the preacher towards the New Testament, remind us that the preacher belonged to the school of Channing. But the fervour and lowly devotion that breathes in these discourses will be refreshing to every religious mind. We will give two quotations as samples of Mr. Carpenter's style. In a sermon on "Thy Father in secret," he says:—"Blessed is he who has a Father in secret. Earth's secrets torture us—they are mixed with suspicion: *this* secret inspires trust. From all our clouds and mysteries, our doubts and forebodings, our suspicions and fears, we go to the secret love of God. When the friends who had our entire confidence forfeit it, or are themselves forfeited from us,—when we know not where they are, what has become of them, what has changed them,—we are still sure of the secret love of God. If we have wandered from Him, lo! as we return, we find Him meeting us; for He had seen us a great way off, and read our desire to be His servants: the Father falls on the son's neck and kisses him. If we long to have one to whom to confide our secrets with safety,—who will never betray them to our hurt,—who will give all the joys of sympathy without its dangers,—who will listen to all our falls and errors as one who will raise and direct us, to all our griefs as one who will light a rainbow's beauty in our tears,—if we scarce dare to look up, lest we should meet some upbraiding eye,—lo, He knoweth the mind of the spirit—that Father in secret—and our earnest seeking after Him meets with its reward."

A sermon on "Solitude," begins thus:—"Solitude is the repose of the weary, the retreat of the harassed, the refuge of the disgraced, the paradise of the dreamer, the treasury of the sage, the sanctuary of the hermit, and the holy place where the saint communes with his God. In its sacred silence, passion has been hushed, conscience has found a voice, distraction has settled into peace, earth and its cares have disappeared, heaven has been opened. Yet many as are its attractions, more are its terrors: for one who loves it, there are a thousand who shun it."

A book of this kind has a place of its own. It appeals, necessarily, to a limited public, but that public will prize this memorial volume of one who was so highly esteemed and so warmly loved.

This is the law of of a good deed between two: the one ought to forget at once that it was conferred, the other never to forget that it was received.—*Seneca.*

If men were active to good ends (which is a joy both of deed and thought); if they were temperate (which is pleasure without the rebound of pain); if they were just (which is the condition of assured enjoyment for each and all)—what prosperous and contented multitudes would people the earth! It wants so little to make of earth a heaven. It is so reasonable a thing that the whole of mankind should be happy.—*Wm. Smith.*

Books.

[We have pleasure in publishing the second of the model lessons on personal purity, prepared by a teacher of great experience, for use in girls' schools.]

INTRODUCTION.

Hold up a book before the children. Ask if any know what earlier books were like. Describe long "rolls" of the ancients. Tell how, early in history, people began to want to write things down to be remembered. First battles, &c. Later on descriptive poems and fables. All written by hand; very few books, only for rich.

Bring out in strong contrast modern world of books. Libraries full. More in our town to-day than once in all the world.

(The teacher should understand that the great object of this lesson is to warn the children against the low, coarse literature which they will constantly meet with).

METHOD.

MATTER. DEFINITION.—Reading is giving food to our minds.

Throughout the whole lesson sustain the analogy between food for the mind and body.

1. Let the class say what is needed to support the life of the body:

Food.

2. Ask what other part of us needs something to keep it alive:

The mind.

3. Show how, if good wholesome food is given to the body it thrives, and if bad unwholesome food is given, ill-health follows.

Results of different kinds of food on body.

Illustrate by describing painful results of

(a) Not enough food:
Result, Starvation.

(b) Highly-spiced, over rich food:
Result, Indigestion.

(c) Bad or fermented food:
Result, Disease or death.

Result of different kinds of books on mind.

Bring out analogy.

(a) Not enough food for mind:
Result, Ignorance, stupidity.
Starvation of mind.

(b) Highly-spiced food (*i.e*, sensational):
Result, Unwholesome state of mind.

(c) Bad food (*i.e*, low, evil books):
Result, Disease of mind.

Boys. Poring over tales of robbery and violence often leads to desire for imitation. Magistrates tell us that many cases of crime began with reading "Dick Turpin."

Girls. Reading low-class penny Novelettes, dealing with sin made attractive, has led many a girl to a fast life, ending in trouble and misery.

Object of reading.

1. Describe how, just as plain wholesome food satisfies hunger and nourishes the body, so sensible useful books nourish and feed the mind

(a) In health we are hungry and want our food.

(b) So in mental health the mind is hungry and wants to know about things.

To amuse and interest us.

2. Remind about two sorts of food we take.

(a) Regular meals, and plain substantial food, to satisfy hunger.

(b) Fruit, cake, sweets, because we like them.

The same with the food of the mind.

(a) Some books we read to teach us.

(b) Others to amuse and interest us.

But all the food we take has some effect, for good or harm, and just as children are sometimes made ill by eating poisonous berries or highly coloured bad sweets, so their minds can be poisoned by unwholesome or bad books. Let us be careful then, that we do not read books that will be like poison to our minds.

Numbers of boys and girls spend their pence on low, foolish papers, like "Penny Novelettes," or the Police Court News. This is like cramming themselves with poisonous sweets, stale, bad pastry or sour drinks. No one could keep in health who persistently did this. (Describe bilious, unwholesome condition of such an one).

Health of mind directly affected by books we read.

Sustain the analogy, and press home strongly that if a low coarse book is read (such as will often come in the children's way) it stains and soils the mind, and does a harm they can never undo. Illustration:—A boy in a Birmingham school seemed to be getting low and coarse, and to be going wrong in many ways; at last he confessed to his teacher the reason—he had been

persuaded to take in a most objectionable weekly paper, full of low, bad writing, that was just like a dose of poison to his mind each week. He owned that he was always thinking of the horrible things he read, and that it was spoiling his life. At last, after a struggle with himself, he brought the whole bundle to his teacher to burn, and has been a brighter and happier lad ever since.

Impress upon girls not to buy silly vulgar novelettes, and boys Illustrated Police News, low, betting papers, &c.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Mention (if possible by name) the numerous bright, sensible, interesting magazines and penny books now issued for young people. Stimulate a desire to get these, and to "take in" a weekly or monthly magazine.

Suggest joining school or parish library.

CONCLUSION.

1. If we want to have a happy useful life, we must take pains to be healthy in mind and body.

2. The health of our minds (as of our bodies) depends upon the food we give them.

3. The books we read are food to our minds.

4. So we should turn away from coarse, low, bad books, as from poison.

5. We should make a real effort to feed our minds with what is wholesome and pure.

Advice is seldom welcomed; those who need it most like it least.—*Dr. Johnson.*

One always has time enough, if one will apply it well.—*Goethe.*

We know nothing of to-morrow; our business is to be good and happy to-day.—*Sydney Smith.*

You need not pity conceited people, because they carry their comfort about with them.—*G. Eliot.*

Whatever be our appointed work, the first moment of its neglect is the first moment of its decay; and were we cease to grow our corn, the poison plants will cover the ground. Death only and negation, deformity and barrenness, will flourish when let alone.—*J. Martineau.*

The Bright Side.

To listen to some of our evil prophets, one would think religion itself was going to perish out of existence in the controversies of the day. I do not think any such thing; because to my mind the name "religion" means not any set of opinions, but simply the highest life of which the soul is capable. Nay, more: so far as the existence of religion, in any form worth having, can be said to be staked on anything, it is on its ability to stand with the free and unfettered advance of thought in any direction open to the human mind. Honest opinion, whatever the shape it takes, is better for the soul's true life than insincere and cowardly opinion, however precious and sacred the form it clings to. Very much of the gloom which darkens life to many persons is simply the shadow of unbelief—that unbelief which fails to see or know the bright side of life. This shadow will steal sometimes upon a mind of very high order; it will even make a sort of fashion in literature or in society. The modern pessimist does not proclaim his creed by loud tirades against gross evils, or by sentimental sympathy with the victims of a social wrong. He only strips off the disguises that cover men's real selfishness, jealousy and greed. He only shows how seeming goodness may be the cloak of villainy at heart. It is half a confession, half an insinuation, that we, with all our virtuous emotions and our excellent intentions, are at the bottom no better than the rest of the world. Perhaps so. But then this confession ought to go along with a very positive belief in goodness, with a real "hunger and thirst after righteousness;" or else it may come to be a meaner hypocrisy and a more disastrous cant than the other.

The cant of a Pharisee is at least decent and orderly, and on the side of virtue. The cant of a cynic assails that boundary which human nature itself has set up for its defence between virtue and vice. And besides, it is a root of great bitterness in heart and life. What we call a genuine conviction of sin—if we are still old-fashioned enough to use the phrase—is really a strong conviction that there is something better than we have now; that it is within our reach, and we ought to

reach it. Thus instead of deadening, it quickens nd stimulates our sense of moral freedom. I suppose the highest joy one can feel is that generous joy which springs from his belief and love of something higher and better than himself. Nothing makes him so strong as to feel that that better thing is within his reach, and to try for it. Without that, he is still in the low levels. With it, he is already on the upward tract. To build on what we have—to mount from where we stand—to reach forth to that which is before—is the very end and aim of religious life.

It is curious if we only think of it, how little the world we live in depends, for what it is itself, on anything we can do; on what we think and feel and are. "If the eye is single, the whole body is full of light," said Jesus. Then he goes on, almost in the same breath, to speak of the birds of the air and the lilies of the field as signs of our Heavenly Father's care. "What!" a naturalist who is only a naturalist might say; "these field flowers that grow everywhere about? that we trample under foot? what we do all we can to get rid of when they grow like weeds among our corn? that we find in the field to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven for cheap fuel to make our bread? What! these birds that build their nests everywhere and anywhere? that pick up their food as they can and where they can? that perish of starvation, or are cruelly stoned to death by boys, or are hawked at by owls and kites, and die miserably by many millions in every tempest? Are these the signs, are these the objects of a protecting Providence? "Yes, even so," Jesus might have answered; and I think he would have said it very reverently and tenderly. "What skill of yours or mine could have spread the tints so on the petals of the wild flowers? brighter than Solomon in all his glory, yet cheap and common as grass-blades! is all that feast of beauty to your eye to pass for nothing? Yes," he might have said, "See how curiously, how skillfully, nay, how tenderly, the little bird is fashioned for its flight, and sheltered in its hidden nest. See how all this bright world of sunshine and melody is set before it, as it were, to make its innocent heart glad during its brief life. Think how little it has to suffer, how little to be anxious about, how much to enjoy. And do not think it a hardship, either, that when it must perish—as we all must perish—to make room for those young broods which it loves better than itself, it should be by one sudden tempest, by one sharp hungry beak, and it is all over—not by the long misery of lingering pain. I tell you," he might add, "that not one sparrow falls to the ground without your father!"

So Jesus might have explained the natural fact, and shown how even the dark side as well as the bright side of things illustrates the same all-embracing Providence. But it took the open eye, the reverent heart, the believing mind, to see it so. It took the light that was in him, the light he tried to kindle in them, to show the fact in its wider meaning. And where a mere lover of science might see only a blind, aimless, and cruel struggle for existence, this serener wisdom sees in the same fact a fresh illustration of the Divine care and skill that have so provided for the largest number the largest chance of life and joy.

Immortality.

If I had lived ere seer or prince unveiled
A life to come, methinks that, knowing thee,
I should have guessed thine immortality;
For Nature, giving instincts, never failed
To give the ends they point to. Never quailed
The swallow, through air-wilds, o'er tracts of sea,
To chase the summer; seeds that prisoned be
Dream of and find the daylight. Unassailed
By doubt, impelled by yearning for the main,
The creature river-born doth there emerge;
So thou, with thoughts and longings which our earth
Can never compass in its narrow verge,
Shalt the fit region of thy spirit gain,
And death fulfil the promptings of thy birth.

W. MARSTON.

Hath man no second life? *Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in heaven, our sin to see?
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah! let us try,*
If we then, too, can be such men as he!

M. ARNOLD.

Notes for Sunday School Lessons.

READINGS FROM TENNYSON.

LESSON I.

THE REVENGE. A BALLAD OF THE FLEET.

(Tennyson's Works, 1889, p. 507.)

Howard and Grenville were sent in the spring of 1591 to attack the fleet that brought treasure to Spain from its foreign possessions. Treasure fleets from the East and the West Indies met and joined company at the Azores, where the English lay in wait for them. Sir Walter Raleigh, cousin to Grenville, published the same year an account of the gallant fight made by the Revenge. According to Raleigh, Grenville's last words, spoken in Spanish, were—"Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour; whereby my soul most joyful departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty, as he was bound to do."

The fierce antipathy of English Protestants against Spaniards is explained, and to a large extent excused, by the fact that the Spanish nation was then the most formidable embodiment of the persecuting spirit of the Roman Catholic Church. The Spanish King was ready to do the cruel bidding of the Inquisition wherever his power reached.

We admire the courage of Sir Richard Grenville and his men. Distinguish between physical and moral courage. A real distinction; for some who are not easily frightened by bodily danger are more afraid of being laughed at than they are to do wrong; and on the other hand, there are persons, timid in presence of bodily danger, but prepared to suffer for conscience' sake any amount of ridicule or social discredit or pecuniary loss. Still, physical courage is not to be undervalued as if it were an attribute merely animal or brutal. It is often needed by him who would be loyal to his conscience. It is always admirable when allied with a strong sense of duty, or with a noble affection, as in a soldier who dies at his post, or in any one who risks or gives his own life to save the life of another. "The soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying, but being slain," says Ruskin ("Unto This Last," p. 25); and that is why we admire and honour brave soldiers, if they are not utter brutes.

Let those who are not soldiers remember that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War"—and her opportunities whereby she tests no less severely our courage. If any of us resolves to do what is right, come what may in the shape of ridicule or temporal disadvantage, will he not need courage? "Fight the good fight of the faith."

LESSON II.

RIZPAH, 17—.

(Works, p. 501.)

Story of Rizpah in 2 Sam. XXI. Seven sons of Saul hanged "unto the Lord," in order to expiate their father's sin, and appease Jehovah's wrath against Irael. But such a deed cannot really have been acceptable to God. At the best, David can only be excused on the ground that he knew no better.

Throughout the poem it is a dying woman that speaks, one whose sorrow was like Rizpah's. She imagines, as often before, that she hears her dead son calling her. Then (Stanza iv) she becomes aware that a visitor is in her room. Shut up in a madhouse until the flesh was gone from her son's bones (Stanza x).

She is hard on lawyers (Stanza viii), but criminal law was bad in her time. Note the date, 17—. Seventy years ago forgery, highway robbery, and theft were punishable with death. About a century ago they were often so punished, and hangings were popular spectacles. See preface to Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge." Our laws have been improved, and to-day there are few Christians who have not worthier ideas of Divine goodness and justice than David, or most Christians a hundred years back, had.

Compare first two lines of Stanza xvi with a story in the last chapter of Kingsley's "Hypatia." When about to be baptized, the old Gothic warrior Wulf suddenly asked the priest, "Where are my ancestors?" "In hell," was the reply. Wulf drew back from the font, and wrapped his bearskin cloak around him again, saying that he would rather go to his own people.

LESSON III.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

(Works, p. 98).

A dramatic monologue. Too long to be read through and commented upon at one lesson. But explain the circumstances of the speaker—jilted by his cousin Amy, with whom he, an orphan, had been brought up, and whom he had learnt to love, in Locksley Hall. Yielding to her father's threats and her mother's shrewish tongue, she had married a more eligible suitor. And now the disappointed lover is going to bid "a long farewell to Locksley Hall." Having explained all this, trace the line—a zig-zag line—of thought and feeling through the poem; and read selected passages, showing the truth and beauty in them. For instance, the lines telling how "Love took up the glass of Time," and the "harp of Life," and for a while banished selfishness, as one can make a harp-string vibrate till it passes "in music out of sight." It is not only love that can do this. All noble emotion thus smites "upon the chord of Self." And when he resolves to turn back to "that earlier page" of his book of life, where he was before disappointment struck him, and to seek refuge from pain in sympathy with his Mother-Age, and with the larger life of his fellow-men, the thought is simple and magnificently expressed.

The moral of the piece seems to be that this was a wise resolve. When a man's chosen way through life is hopelessly barred and stopped, the manly thing is, not to confess himself beaten, ruined, and his career ended, but to look for some other way, if not of happiness, of activity and usefulness. For a moment this man thinks of betaking himself to the East, or of turning his back on civilisation and becoming a savage. But both ideas are quickly dismissed. Forsaking neither European civilisation and progress, nor his Christian faith, he will rather try to be a good son to his Mother-Age, the only mother he ever knew.

Of course, Tennyson did not approve of every feeling or opinion expressed in the poem; certainly not of the wish that a thunder-bolt might fall on Locksley Hall.

LESSON IV.

LOCKSLEY HALL SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

(Works, p. 560.)

Published in 1886, some fifty years later than the first "Locksley Hall." The same speaker stands in the same spot, but with very different feelings. His grandson is with him. Amy died sixty years ago, and these two are come to the funeral of her aged husband, now lying dead in Locksley Hall. Hatred and contempt of his successful rival have long since given place in the speaker's breast to liking and respect.

He can say of the dead—

> "Worthier soul was he than I am, sound and honest, rustic Squire,
> Kindly landlord, boon companion—youthful jealousy is a liar."

He bids his grandson, when Lord of Locksley Hall, to follow him who

> "Strove for sixty widowed years to help his homelier brother men,
> Served the poor, and built the cottage, raised the school, and drained the fen."

This change from bitter to kindly feeling is a change for the better. But regarding the world at large and the condition and prospects of his own nation, many think that the old man speaks, not only less hopefully, but less wisely, than the young. The earlier poem, as Mr. Gladstone has said, "cheered the heart of those who sought to mend the world," and is still quoted for that purpose. In the later poem there is hardly a line that is likely to cheer any heart.

The discoveries of physical science seem to the old man a poor compensation for the decay of religious belief and of the hope that triumphs over death. But are they decaying? He has much to say also of certain blemishes in the body politic. But as a tonic to cure the depression of spirits which this may produce in some, Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Jan., 1887, is wholesome reading. There is still much to be done in the way of reform: but much has been done during the last half century to mitigate some of the evils mentioned in our poem. For example, national education has vastly lessened the number of children, who "soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime." See Stopford Brooke on Tennyson in *Contemp. Review*, Dec., 1892.

A. W. TIMMIS.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

In the Children's Ward.

A NURSE'S STORY.

Christmas Day was nearly over, when a tall man in a working dress with a child in his arms, hurried into the Children's Ward. "A burn case, ma'am."

The child was some seven years of age, with one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw. It was not only that, the little round face was delicately fashioned and beautifully tinted, and lighted up by large, deep violet eyes; it was the loveliness of a beautiful soul, shining through the garment of the body, that attracted and riveted the admiration.

She was quickly placed on a bed, and while we hasted to do all that was suitable for her case, the man who brought her in—no relative, but only a kindly neighbour—told us the history of the accident. A simple story, and very like that of most of the burnt children brought to us. She had been left alone for a few hours in charge of her year-old baby brother, while her mother was out at work, and in trying to reach down a toy for him from off the high chimney piece, her little pinafore had been caught in the fire, and instantly blazed up. Her face had altogether escaped, but there was a deep burn over the greater part of the chest, the left shoulder, and both arms.

Never was a more patient little thing put into our hands. Quickly and tenderly as you may dress a burn, yet the removal of the clothes, and the first application of the dressings gives a frightful amount of pain; but not a murmur or an impatient word escaped little Annie. Her whole mind seemed fixed on her mother and her brother. "Baby is quite safe," were the first words she said in a half bewildered way. After a little she seemed to collect her dazed senses, and spoke again in a soft, pleading tone. "Please, somebody, tell mother that dear baby is quite safe." And again, "I sat baby on the floor in the middle of the room and he isn't hurt a bit." And presently, "Don't let mother be frightened; baby's quite safe."

Only just at the last as I was wrapping on the final piece of wool, did her fortitude break down for a moment, and, with a convulsive sob and shiver, she suddenly cried out in a sharp, bitter tone of suffering, "Oh! I'm so cold. Put me into bed."

Poor little lassie! We put her into bed and applied every remedy we knew, but that deadly chill was not to be conquered. The little fragile frame could not rally from the shock of the burn, followed by the chill transit through the cruel frosty wind.

Two nights after the watch was mine. Just as midnight sounded Annie started from the heavy sleep in which she had lain motionless for some seven or eight hours—started suddenly as a person does who is roused by hearing some unexpected voice speaking close to them.

Did she hear an actual call? Who shall say? I shall always cling to the belief that she did. But all that I *know* is, that after the first start of her sudden waking, she slightly raised her little head from the pillow, and looked up full and clear, with no trace of delirium in the beautiful eyes, and so gazing into the distance she smiled a smile of unearthly sweetness, such as I have never seen on any other face. It lasted but a few moments; then the eyelids drooped again, and the little head sank back heavily, and the life had fled.

Song.

O Moon—said the children—O Moon, that shineth fair,
Why do you stay so far away, so high above us there?
O Moon, you must be very cold from shining on the sea,
If you would come and play with us, how happy we should be.

O children—said the Moon—I shine above your head,
That I may light the ships at night when the sun has gone to bed;
That I may show the beggar-boy his way across the moor,
And bring the busy farmer home to his own cottage door.

O Moon—said the children—may we shine in your place?
They say that I have sunny hair, and I a sparkling face.
To light the ships and beggar boys we greatly do desire;
And you might come and warm yourself before the nurs'ry fire!

O children—said the Moon—we have each allotted parts;
'Tis yours to shine by love divine on happy human hearts;
'Tis mine to make the pathway bright of wanderers that roam;
'Tis yours to scatter endless light on those who stay at home!

A Terrible Infant.

I recollect a nurse called Ann,
Who carried me about the grass,
And one fine day a fair young man
Came up and kissed the pretty lass:
She did not make the least objection!
Thinks I, aha!
When I can talk I'll tell mamma!
And that's my earliest recollection.

F. LOCKER.

News from the Field.

Our readers will, we hope, be interested in a scheme of Mr. W. J. Clarke's, of the Hurst Street Mission, Birmingham, for the clothing of the poorest children in our towns. Mr. Clarke read a paper before the meeting of ministers held at Walsall about the end of July. The Walsall *Free Press* prints Mr. Clarke's paper in full, and devotes its first leader to his scheme. After a few preliminary remarks the editor says:—"A large field for labour is here opened out, and, judging from the success which seems to have followed upon the experiments tried last winter at Edinburgh, it would appear that a solution of the problem, how best to do it, has already been formed. The Police Force has been requisitioned in the Scotch city, and has undertaken the task, and carried it out, with almost perfect success. Dealing as the movement does with poverty and want in every form, extending even to the children of the most degraded sots and cronies, who exist upon dietary of the meanest description, who are "dragged up" or "kicked up," scarce knowing how they live, or by what means the all too miserable child-life is sustained, the difficulty of clothing the waifs in such a manner, and with such safeguards as shall prevent fraud, or sale, or pledging of articles provided, is a problem fraught with difficulties and complexities.

A solution would, however, seem to have been found in the plan of campaign advocated by Mr. Clarke.

It appears that the whole of the garments, boots, &c., are marked in a way which cannot be obliterated, which can be immediately recognised by pawnbrokers and clothes dealers, and yet which cannot be detected when being worn, the children thus being spared the taunts of thoughtless and inconsiderate companions, and the humiliation of having to carry about with them a sort of brand of pauperism. The workers undertake also to deliver to all the pawnbrokers and second-hand clothes dealers in the town, where the scheme is being worked, a circular intimating that such garments are being *lent* not given, with a copy of the distinguishing mark they bear, and conveying a warning that those who in any way deal with the articles in question after that notice, will expose themselves to the risk of being prosecuted. The work of distribution is undertaken by the Police as follows.

Assuming that the Chief Constable is in sympathy with the movement, and willing to render the necessary assistance, he gives instructions to the constables whose beats are in the district, which is to be covered, to notice, during the Autumn and Winter months, any children they may see in the streets whom they deem improperly or insufficiently clothed. These constables to ascertain the names and addresses of all such children, visit their homes, then fill up a form supplied to them for the purpose, giving particulars as to the names of the parents or guardians, the schools the children attend, the articles of clothing recommended, etc. These forms are then given to the sergeants, who visit the homes, and give on the back of the form a report as to the general circumstances of the family, and the special causes to which the apparently destitute condition of the children is ascribed. These reports are then handed to the society which has undertaken the duty, and if after making such further enquiries as they see fit, it seems desirable to clothe the children, this is at once done. In addition to this, every policeman, as far as may be consistent with the due discharge of his other duties, is expected to have an eye upon those children who may have been clothed on his recommendation, to keep a sharp look out for them in the streets, and occasionally to go into their homes with the view of seeing that they are really wearing the garments which have thus been supplied.

Such, in brief, are the general lines upon which the police proceed, and the safeguards relied upon to prevent fraud.

For our own part we believe it to be one of the wisest, the most economical, and all too deeply needed philanthropic efforts which have yet been devised. That it is open to some degree of abuse is beyond question. But we firmly believe it reduces it to the lowest possible minimum.

Mr. Christopher Taylor, the Chief Constable of the Borough, has already expressed his willingness to co-operate in any movement which may be devised to carry out the suggestions contained in Mr. Clarke's paper, providing, of course, the work can be undertaken by the men under his charge without interfering with the ordinary routine of duty. We express the earnest hope that our town may be amongst the first to take up a work which must merit the approval of every man who desires to see improvement and reform in a class of society which so much needs it."

STOURBRIDGE.—Our Anniversary Service was held on Sunday afternoon, August 13th, the second Sunday in August being the date fixed by long usage. The Rev. Henry Gow, Mr. Hopps' successor at Leicester, preached a stirring sermon on the unity of spirit, diversity of belief notwithstanding, which allies us to our Presbyterian forefathers. He quoted a remark of Thomas Carlyle's about himself and John Sterling, to the effect that they two agreed in everything except opinions. We may be said, in like manner, to agree with the Presbyterians, who founded so many of our congregations, in everything except their opinions Especially do we honour them for their refusal to fetter with dogmatic trust-deeds the minds of the worshippers who were to inherit their meeting-houses and endowments. From this the general tenor of Mr. Gow's sermon may be inferred. The musical part of the service went very well, and the organist and choir are to be congratulated on their excellent rendering of the anthem—a selection from Spohr's "God, Thou art Great." There was a good congregation of people, who did *not* go to sleep. In short, everything was satisfactory except the collection, which was small.—At the Ministers' Meeting, on Tuesday, the 15th, the Rev. A. E. Shelley conducted the service in the chapel, and preached. After that came the business meeting, and then dinner at Mr. A. W. Worthington's house, where the brethren did not record their powerful vote on any great public question, but enjoyed a good dinner and good fellowship, and, one hopes, were thankful.

Midland Church Calendar for September.

ATHERSTONE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, of Tamworth. Service at 3 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM: Church of the Messiah, Broad Street.
Ministers: Revs. Dr. Crosskey, 117, Gough Road; and James Crossley, 5, Wyndham Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special:

BIRMINGHAM: The Hurst Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. W. J. Clarke, 160, Pershore Road.
Services: 10-15, 2-45, and 6-30.
Special:

BIRMINGHAM: The Fazeley Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. T. Pipe, 59, Gt Brook Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special:

BIRMINGHAM: The Newhall Hill Church.
Minister: Rev. A. A. Charlesworth, Claremont Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special:

BIRMINGHAM: The Old Meeting Church.
Minister: Rev. Joseph Wood, 120, Gough Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special: Sept. 10th, Opening of the New East Window; Sept. 24th, Harvest Festival.

BIRMINGHAM: The Church of the Saviour.
Minister: The Rev. J. C. Street, 19, Charlotte Road, Edgbaston.
Services: 11 and 6-30.

BANBURY: Christ Church, Horsefair.
Minister: Rev. H. Hill, 5, Crouch Street. Service: Evening, 6-30.
Special:

COSELEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry Eachus. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special:

CRADLEY: Netherend Chapel.
Minister: Rev. A. E. O'Connor. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special:

DUDLEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. A. H. Shelley. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special:

EVESHAM: Oak Street Meeting House.
Minister: Vacant. Services: 11 and 6-30.
Special:

Midland Church Calendar for September.—*(Continued.)*

KIDDERMINSTER :
Minister : Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans. Services : 10-30 and 6-30.
Special :

KINGSWOOD : Kingswood Chapel, Hollywood.
Minister : Rev. J. Hardinge Matthews. Services : 11 and 6-30.
Special :

OLDBURY : Unitarian Meeting House.
Minister : Rev. Henry McKean, The Dingle, Oldbury. Services : 11 and 6-30.
Special :

SHREWSBURY : High Street Church.
Minister : Rev. E. Myers, F.G.S., Claremont Hill. Services : 11 and 6-30.
Special :

STOURBRIDGE : Presbyterian Chapel.
Minister : Rev. A. W. Timmis. Services : 11 and 6-30.
Special :

TAMWORTH : Cole Hill Chapel.
Minister : Rev. J. Howard, 17, Aldergate. Services : 11 and 6-30.
Special :

THE LYE : Unitarian Chapel.
Minister : Rev. I. Wrigley, B.A. Service : 6-30.
Special :

WALSALL : Unitarian Free Church.
Minister : Rev. Peter Dean, 3, Sandwell Street. Services : 11-15 and 6-30.
Special :

WEST BROMWICH : Lodge Road Chapel.
Minister : Rev. John Harrison, Jesson Street. Services : 11 and 6-30.
Special :

WHITCHURCH : Church of the Saviour, Highgate.
Minister : Rev. George Eyre Evans, 5, Mill Street.
Services : 11, 2-15 for Children, 6-30.
Special :

WOLVERHAMPTON : Unity Church, Snow Hill.
Minister : Rev. L. G. Harris Crook, Oaklands Road. Services : 11 and 6-30.
Special :